



AT THE BOOKING OFFICE OFF-STAGE COMEDIES

by Will Bradshaw

LA SARAH PREFERS A CAREER

Algy (late of the 'Alls)—I s'y, Joey, of top, did y' ever tell that little girlie my 'eart was gone on er'?

Joey Powers (blackface comedian)—Say, bo, think I'm runnin' a matrimonial agency and tryin' to get a week's booking at the same time? No, sir.

Algy—I thought maybe she spoke about me an' you mentioned w'at I told y'. I ope she 'asn't thought I went an' forgot 'er. W'at was 'er nime again, Joey?

Joey Powers—Ready to marry the girl an' you don't know her name. Her name is Belle Marie Cady—ingenue and child parts.

Carrie Benz (of Benz & Benz)—Did I hear some one say something about Belle Marie Cady? Poor Belle Marie—La Sarah (interpretive dancer)—What's the matter? You talk as if she just died. I met her this mornin' coming out of an office with a contract for ten weeks' summer booking. And how she makes them think she can act gets me.

Algy—It gets you, does it? I'll tell y' right now Belle Marie is one of the cleverest little girls in the business. That's w'y I'm thinkin' of marryin' the little elf.

Carrie Benz—What's the idea?

Algy—W'y, when she gets t' be a great leadin' star I could get all the booking I wanted as a single. I'd be better known as 'er 'usband.

Did Wadell (who knew Booth—by sight)—My lad, don't ever use your wife's name to get bookings. She'll object in the first place, and on the other hand—

Algy—Then I'll be 'er manager.

Did Wadell—Be a star on your own account. I remember after I became leading man for Maggie Denahan, the greatest Juliet of her time, I was



"You Mean a Woman With a Purse. Think She'd Give You Her Hard-Earned Cash, Piker?"

often tempted to propose matrimony. If I had done so the Wadells would go down in history as the greatest tragedian and tragedienne of all time. But I reconsidered it. The public, ever ready to judge harshly, might have thought I sacrificed my art for worldly gain. I remember—

Algy—I'll tell y' right now I'd marry Belle Marie without thinkin' twice. Everybody that sees 'er act says she'll be gettin' a fat salary in a short time. That's the kind of a wife I want. A woman with a purpose.

Carrie Benz—You mean a woman with a purse. Think she'd give you her hard-earned cash, piker?

Sammy Benz (Carrie's husband)—Good talk, wifey. Why should Algy expect to marry a dame that will rake in the big money when he's only a poor single? Just as soon as she gets the bigwad she'll get her ideas enlarged. She'll want a millionaire actor that has mines of his own. Maybe he's been married seven or eight times before, but that won't count. Algy, if you wait till that girl heads a production she won't have you. And if you marry her now and she heads one later she'll send you to the discard. She'd cut up the Ladies' Aid society to come and take you down to their rummage sale and sell you or give you away. All I say is, don't marry a girl if her prospects are too good.

Joey Powers—That's all wrong! Look at our little friend here, La Sarah, the best toe and soft-shoe dancer on the three-a-day. La Sarah is going to get the money some of these days. She's going to hit the top next season. Suppose she marries some nice guy that loves her now, a blackface comedian, for instance; think she's going to send him to the storage in later years? Would you, Sarah?

La Sarah—Love, not fame or riches, will be the reason I'll give up my care-free life, Joey.

Did Wadell—A noble sentiment from a maiden.

Joey Powers—You know it, Dad. And especially when La Sarah told me she could have married a rich one with swell New York connections.

Sammy Benz—When me and Carrie hooked up double for life she knew I was only a comedy juggler. I knew she was only a contortionist with a little, squeaky singin' voice that just lets by. That's why we were happy.

If I started to tell her I was going to play a heavy on Broadway next season she'd send out for the docs to come an' examine my head. If she told me that Puttun and Takeoff offered her a part in their big show I'd start to laugh an' tell her she was readin' too many novels again. There's a lot of consolation in knowin' your partner ain't goin' to be up at the top lookin' down at you some day.

Joey Powers—That ain't the way with La Sarah. That girl is going up fast. I'll place ten to five with Dad Wadell that she'll be doing a specialty in a big musical show next season. I'll also place another bet that I'll be workin' in the same company as her husband and making a big hit. Ten more says we'll be co-stars in our own show a year from that. Ain't that right, La Sarah?

Dad Wadell—Reminds me of the ravings of McCullough. I remember—

Algy—If I made those remarks of Joey's there'd be some sense to it, y' jolly well know. I'm too conservative. I'm keepin' it quiet about the new act I'm going to 'adline in.

Carrie Benz—Who's wasting the money?

Algy—Never you mind, me lidy. I 'ave an aunt who is going to make me famous.

Sammy Benz—Was that that nice little old lady I saw you with at the studio picking out drops and sets?

Carrie Benz—Why, I saw that old lady give Gus Painter a check.

Algy—Yep. That was a deposit. It's going to be a big thing—Drury Lane style. Seven people an' me at the 'ead.

Carrie Benz—Could y' use Sammy and me in the act?

Algy—I should s'y not. Everything first class. People that 'ave a future. Me leadin' lidy was to be Belle Marie

NEW EXPERIENCE FOR BARBER

First Time He Had Shaved Man Whose Face Had an Equal Growth of Hair.

Capt. W. V. Lucas, who was an officer in the Fourteenth Iowa regiment, tells an amusing story of an incident that occurred during General Price's raid into Missouri in the last year of the Civil war. The story appears in "Pilot Knob," by Messrs. C. A. Peterson and J. M. Hanson.

"On arriving at Pilot Knob the afternoon before the engagement of the Twenty-seventh, I went into a barber shop to be shaved. Suddenly, when the barber had shaved only one-half of my face, the long roll was beaten. I left my chair instantly, and reached my company, half a block away, with one side of my face shaved smooth, whereas the other displayed a two weeks' growth of beard. I did not complete the shave until six days afterward, when a colored barber did the job at Rollo, 75 miles away. While working the dirt and sand out of the 'long side,' the fellow's curiosity was excited, until he could no longer refrain from comments.

"I nevah see a face befo', sah,' said he, 'dat one side was richer dan de odder; but yo's is, suah!'"

"My explanation seemed to afford him great relief."—Youth's Companion.

Fastidious Pet.

The members of an automobile touring party from Washington to Baltimore stopped for the night at a certain caravansary at Hagerstown, in Maryland. Since the food supplied them was execrable and since their kit furnished the necessary implements, aside from the raw material, they determined to have a Welsh rabbit. Accordingly two were deputed to proceed to a corner grocery, there to obtain the cheese and crackers. When the old chap that kept the place came forward one of the two said:

"We want a couple of pounds of cheese and some large, square crackers for a Welsh rabbit."

The old man seemed doubtful. "I got the cheese, all right," said he, "but I ain't got no large, square crackers. Won't your rabbit eat the small ones?"

—Harper's Magazine.

Cultured Tramp.

There came to the kitchen door of a certain household in Philadelphia a ragged hobo, who took his stand against the doorjamb and gazed longingly at food displayed on the kitchen table.

"You look strong," suggested the lady of the house. "Are you equal to the task of sawing and splitting half a cord of wood?"

"Equal to it, madam?" said the tramp, with a courtly bow. "The expression is inadequate. I am superior to it."

And he went away.

His Method, Exactly.

The teacher in an East side school was reproaching Tommy, who had "licked" Heine in satisfaction for a grievance. Tommy's penitence was at a low ebb, and teacher's golden-rule admonishing fell on unresponsive ears. But at last she struck a responsive note.

"The right way to treat your enemies, Tommy," she said, "is to heap coals of fire on his head."

"Yes, ma'am, that's jes what I done," said Tommy, brightening. "I give him 'ell!"

Three Woods in One Tree.

Civil Engineer F. T. Moore, president of a scientific society of Winsted, Conn., reports an unusual find in the woods of Barkhamsted, where he felled a tree containing three species in one. The butt of the tree was oak, the middle chestnut, and the top hemlock. Mr. Moore is also a church member.—Boston Herald.

The Old Idea.

"What makes you so late?" asked his mother.

"The teacher kept me in because I couldn't find Moscow on the map of Europe," replied Johnnie.

Mother—And no wonder you couldn't find Moscow. It was burned down in 1812. It's an outrage to treat a child that way.

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Two Reflections.

Hicks—Trying to be a good fellow has sent many a man to the bad.

Wicks—True! And many a man has lost his own health from too frequently drinking other people's.

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When Comparison is Odious.

"Why, say, a man's as safe in Mexico as he is in Chicago."

"Is it as bad as that?"—Lila.

Women outnumber the men in New York, Berlin, Paris and London.

VOICE OF CONSCIENCE DEAD

All the Fault of Nurse That Small Girl Could Not Walk in the Straight Path.

Maria had been naughty and mother seriously remonstrating with her, thought to press home a needed suggestion.

"I can't think why you persist in doing wrong, my dear," she said, solemnly. "It always makes us unhappy when we do wrong."

"But—but I often don't know it's wrong till I've done it," sighed the small culprit.

"But," mother urged again, "you should know, my darling. Your conscience will tell you if you listen."

"What's my conscience and how will it tell me?" wide-eyed and eager.

"Your conscience is the little voice inside you that says 'No!' when you shouldn't do things and makes you feel sorry when you've made mistakes."

"Oh, then I'll never be good!" mourned the troubled sinner. "I had a voice like that once, but nurse said it was indigestion and she gave me some medicine and it died."

express.

A German princeling went to pay a visit of ceremony to a small but ancient and honorable city situated upon a branch line of railway. His serene highness had just stepped from his private car upon the bunting-decked station platform. Greetings had been exchanged with the local receiving party.

"And what," said the prince to the burgomaster, "are those children doing there on the tracks?"

"Serene highness," replied the burgomaster, bowing low, "those are the young maidens of the city who ran before and scattered flowers in front of the locomotive of your highnesses train."

Not for Her.

"What did you say to him, dad?" "I asked him if he could support you in the style to which you had become accustomed."

"And he?"

"He said he could."

"If he tries it I'll leave him."

A man stands well with women if he always gives up his seat to them in a crowded car.

An Ounce of Prevention

Most people who enjoy a frequent drink of beer or liquor fail to realize it's a weakening effect on the kidneys.

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An Illinois Case

H. C. Kunze, 1649 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill., says: "Four years I was in misery with kidney disease. My aches and pains were so painful I could hardly use them and my back was sore and lame. I got nervous and my hands swelled. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of all these ailments, and the cure has lasted. I am certainly grateful."

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